

The subscription price is required in advance; and at the expiration of the term paid for the paper will be stopped. All money for the paper should be sent by P. O. money order, to M. T. Martin, Agent for Express, to M. T. Martin. All communications for the paper should be sent to J. B. GARNETT.

THE BAPTIST RECORD.

M. T. MARTIN, Proprietor.

Integrity, and Fidelity to the Cause of Christ.

Price, \$2.00 Per Annum.

VOL. 3.

CLINTON, MISS., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1879.

NO. 2.

COMMUNICATIONS.

The Decay of True Christian Goodness.

NO. 7.

If the reader will take a peep through our kaleidoscope, at the true condition of public sentiment, as it affects the character and standing of an individual in society, and measure the public standard of morality and integrity, he must inevitably conclude that there is an alarm ing decay of true Christian goodness.

Claims against good morals in society, and against government, are now tolerated, with no marked indication of public displeasure, which, in former days, would have sent the offender to the lowest depths of public scorn, and contempt, and abasement.

Take, as an illustration, the case of Henry Ward Beecher, a man claiming to be a herald of the cross, divinely called of God to preach the gospel of salvation, and to illustrate its power and beauty by a life of goodness. After the developments of the most wonderful legal trial in the annals of legal jurisprudence either in this country or in England, showing a most depraved and debased moral character; add to this his recent excommunication from his pulpit of the heresy that there is no such place as Hell—no place where the wicked are punished after death—and witness the grand ovations paid to him whenever he goes in public; and say, do not all these things show to what extent the public moral sentiment is vitiated. His passage through the States and Territories, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, was like the triumphant march of some grand hero or king, crowned with the laurel wreaths of victory! And, true to his depraved nature—unlike a real hero or genuine royalty—he avails himself of the advantages of this depraved public sentiment to fill his pockets with gold, receiving, it is said, his traveling expenses and ~~ten thousand~~ dollars for delivering ten lectures, or, rather, one lecture in ten cities. Hundreds and thousands of people flocked to hear him, paying for the privilege.

As I sat in the great Moody Tabernacle in Chicago and watched the living streams of human beings, as they poured into that building until it was packed from basement to gallery, to hear his great lecture, "The Reign of the Common People" (which, if I am any judge, is a very tame and common-place production); and how they jostled and crowded each other, to get preferred seats; and how they listened with upturned faces, to this man, whom the public, at least, had convicted of the basest crime against good morals, and religion, and society, and one which, it committed a half century ago, would have forever consigned him to the utmost depths of obscurity and disgrace—I was overwhelmed with the sad conviction, that true Christian goodness would soon be numbered among the lost virtues of once great people.

Bro. G. says again: "Atonement was always made for a definite purpose, and invariably accomplished that purpose. The object of the atonement of Christ is to reconcile God to sinners, and that it has this effect always." Under the law, persons or things were reconciled to whom or for whom atonement was made. Now, if the object of Christ's atonement was to reconcile God to sinners, then it must have been offered to God—made for Him—for the purpose of reconciling Him to save sinners. Were the three persons in the God-head *reconciled* to save sinners? Undoubtedly so. Here, according to Bro. G.'s own admissions, we have the antitype of Aaron's making atonement for himself and house. In my first article I asked the question: "How does Christ answer this type?" and answered it by saying: "*Atonement satisfied before the God-head can be reconciled to save sinners.*" But, first, Christ possesses the weakness of human nature (this is admitted), from which He must be cleansed before He is perfect as a high priest to make atonement for others." For even if he was crucified in weakness, he lives by the power of God" (1 Cor. 13:4). He must be made perfect through suffering and enter into heaven in a glorified body, before He could become a Savior of sinners, and before God receives us a reproach to our neighbors, a scorn and derision to them that are round about us. Thou Father could be reconciled to God, is the basis upon which the gospel is addressed to all men, and all men everywhere are called upon to repeat. Bro. G. objects to the idea that Christ satisfied the demands of the law, but admits

that "He died for the world, took away the sin of the world, etc. He took away the Adamic sin, and so satisfied the law for all the race that no one will be condemned on account of the original transgression of our federal-head." Had Bro. G. followed my article he would have seen what law was spoken of. When man sinned (that is, when Adam sinned) he became affected by it, both *legally* and *morally*. Legally, in that as a violator of God's law, he was subject to its penalty, which was eternal separation from God. When the Savior offered himself to God, and was accepted by the Father, the legal obstacles were removed, which held up the sentence of eternal banishment, and gave man a state of probation." It is plain that all this had reference to the sin of Adam. Now, if Christ satisfied the penalty of the law due to Adam's transgression, which was *eternal death*, for temporal death could not exempt him. He satisfied it for the race, as Adam was the representative of the race. In this sense, Christ died for the world, and none are condemned because of any legal barrier in the way of their coming to Christ, but because their deeds are evil, because they love darkness rather than light, because they are dead in trespasses and in sins.

These articles have been carelessly written while undergoing a sort of self-imposed quarantine, which must now be raised." Hence I will write one more article, in which I will try and give the remedy against this Decay of True Christian Goodness, and close the series.

CUD.

Attachment.

REJOINDER NO. 2.

Bro. Gambrell thinks my admission of the two propositions: "That Christ had no sin," and "That all blood sacrifices had respect to sin, settles the question;" and that "it follows with all the certainty of logic, that no offering or sacrifice had any respect to Christ." It certainly follows that no offering or sacrifice had any respect to Christ as a sinner; but it does not follow as a logical sequence that the offering of the high priest for his own sins, does not refer to the offering of Christ in some other way, and for some other purpose than to cleanse from sin. The idea is so fixed in Bro. G.'s mind, that no atonement can be made to or for persons or things that have no *guilt of sin*, that he cannot see how the high priest offering for his own sins, can have any reference to the offering of Christ, unless Christ was guilty of

In Bro. G.'s first objection he says: "No part of the priestly work of Christ answers to the priest offering for himself under the law." But the Scripture proof, that the blood of bullock, as well as goat, was a type of the blood of Christ, is so conclusive that Bro. G. has abandoned his position, and admits that all atonements made under the law did in some way *refer to the priestly work of Christ*." (Italics mine.) But he asks: "How refers?" is the question. He admits that the high priest making atonement for himself, in some way *refer to the priestly work of Christ*, but does not know how it refers. He, however, is certain, and so am I, that it is that this was done for all the elect when Christ died on the cross; that their sins were there laid upon him and he bore them all away. If this were true, they were all then reconciled to God, their sins all forgiven, and they were then and there actually saved. This contradicts the God to sinners, and that it has this effect always." Under the law, persons or things were reconciled to whom or for whom atonement was made. Now, if the object of Christ's atonement was to reconcile God to sinners, then it must have been offered to God—made for Him—for the purpose of reconciling Him to save sinners. Were the three persons in the God-head *reconciled* to save sinners? Undoubtedly so. Here, according to Bro. G.'s own admissions, we have the antitype of Aaron's making atonement for himself and house. In my first article I asked the question: "How does Christ answer this type?" and answered it by saying: "*Atonement satisfied before the God-head can be reconciled to save sinners.*" But, first, Christ possesses the weakness of human nature (this is admitted), from which He must be cleansed before He is perfect as a high priest to make atonement for others." For even if he was crucified in weakness, he lives by the power of God" (1 Cor. 13:4). He must be made perfect through suffering and enter into heaven in a glorified body, before He could become a Savior of sinners, and before God receives us a reproach to our neighbors, a scorn and derision to them that are round about us. Thou Father could be reconciled to God, is the basis upon which the gospel is addressed to all men, and all men everywhere are called upon to repeat. Bro. G. objects to the idea that Christ satisfied the demands of the law, but admits

that *bravery* implies a reckless indifference to danger, but it is not true. There is another word that has got worked into our language more significant, perhaps, than elegant; in fact, it may be considered *decidedly low*; and yet, that word, and not bravery, is the word to express the recklessness of which I speak. *Fool hardy* is the term for one who ignores the existence of danger, and blindly rushes into it.

The road to Heaven, the only road, is the road from the cradle to the grave; but from that common point of departure for the human race there is another road, besides

the road to Heaven. I am not going to tell you there is danger in traveling the road to Heaven, because there is not; they slander that road who represent it with thorns and briars, and environed with dangers. *At the length* is out of the way, net in it, because "wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace"; the way of transgressors is hard."

The design of this letter is to impress on you the conviction that there is real danger of your getting out of the way, and danger to you if you do get out. In some of my future letters I intend to point out some of the by-paths into which you will be liable to turn aside. My design in this is to impress upon you the solemn truth that there is danger, and that the danger will beset your path from the first hour of accountability to the grave.

In proof, I need only point to the moral wrecks all along the road you travel; to the ruined prospects, ruined characters, ruined hopes, of those who set out on life's journey with prospects as bright, characters as sunshiny, hopes as buoyant as your own.

The wasted fortune, the blighted reputation, perhaps the dishonored grave—melancholy sign-boards on the road of life, point to the inexperienced youth in the warning words, Danger! Beware!

I may not close this letter without suggesting a proper exercise of fear as a protection, a safeguard, against danger. Not the fear of the coward; that, instead of protecting against danger, courts it, and, at the same time, disqualifies for meeting it. I mean the fear of the Lord, which is the beginning of wisdom," and from which will always be superinduced that prudent caution that always recognizes the existence of danger.

There are some people of whom, and some things of which, it is not cowardice to be afraid; some of these will immediately follow.

This letter, dear friends, has been

written in almost mortal agony. An attack of rheumatism, coming on the day after Christmas, has so disabled me, that, on some days, I have scarcely been able to write an hour; but such attacks do not, in the least, alarm me, however inconvenient they may be while they last. I have been occasionally subject to them for so long a time, and, besides, they have heretofore always so soon passed away, that I have learned to fear nothing from them, but the suffering which it lasts. Still, I have learned to look on each new attack as a legal notice from the "Supreme Court," that soon "the earthly house of this tabernacle is to be dissolved."

In proof, I need only point to the moral wrecks all along the road you travel; to the ruined prospects, ruined characters, ruined hopes, of those who set out on life's journey with prospects as bright, characters as sunshiny, hopes as buoyant as your own.

The wasted fortune, the blighted reputation, perhaps the dishonored grave—melancholy sign-boards on the road of life, point to the inexperienced youth in the warning words, Danger! Beware!

I may not close this letter without suggesting a proper exercise of fear as a protection, a safeguard, against danger. Not the fear of the coward; that, instead of protecting against danger, courts it, and, at the same time, disqualifies for meeting it. I mean the fear of the Lord, which is the beginning of wisdom," and from which will always be superinduced that prudent caution that always recognizes the existence of danger.

There are some people of whom, and some things of which, it is not cowardice to be afraid; some of these will immediately follow.

This letter, dear friends, has been

written in almost mortal agony. An attack of rheumatism, coming on the day after Christmas, has so disabled me, that, on some days, I have scarcely been able to write an hour; but such attacks do not, in the least, alarm me, however inconvenient they may be while they last. I have been occasionally subject to them for so long a time, and, besides, they have heretofore always so soon passed away, that I have learned to fear nothing from them, but the suffering which it lasts. Still, I have learned to look on each new attack as a legal notice from the "Supreme Court," that soon "the earthly house of this tabernacle is to be dissolved."

Now, the letter, and you, for whom I write, I command in prayer to a Covenant-keeping God. May you be kept by His power, through faith, unto salvation!" Amen.

R. E. MELVIN.

P. S.—The subject of my next

will be Whom to Fear. M.

has fully kept pace with its progress. It was once venturing some romance with such a youth, who finally silenced me by this unanswerable reply: "Do you not know that any young man would rather follow his own way and be miserable than follow a course pointed out by another and be happy?" The youth who made this speech was a little over sixteen years old; I suppose he spoke and acted as if he did, and he turned up the conversation by declaring: "I will take my own course, and risk the consequences."

Any man who has had the experience in the school-room that I have had—over forty years of actual teaching—knows that just such

young men as are here described are much more plentiful than profitable.

We finally believe there is a

danger; such as don't care, and such as will not take advice. Further,

From the vast number of such it is

fair to conclude that, in the necessities to our churches, they will have a fair representation.

Still further: After the work of conversion, admitting it to be genuine, those of such a temerity retain enough of the old nature to give them a lifetime of perpetual "watching unto prayer." To them,

as to all others, we say: Danger!

I may not close this letter without suggesting a proper exercise of fear as a protection, a safeguard, against danger.

Not the fear of the coward; that, instead of protecting against danger, courts it, and, at the same time, disqualifies for meeting it. I mean the fear of the Lord, which is the beginning of wisdom," and from which will always be superinduced that prudent caution that always recognizes the existence of danger.

There are some people of whom, and some things of which, it is not cowardice to be afraid; some of these will immediately follow.

This letter, dear friends, has been

written in almost mortal agony. An

attack of rheumatism, coming on

the day after Christmas, has so

disabled me, that, on some days, I have scarcely been able to write an hour;

but such attacks do not, in the least,

alarm me, however inconvenient

they may be while they last. I have been occasionally subject to them for so long a time, and, besides, they have heretofore always so soon passed away, that I have learned to fear nothing from them, but the suffering which it lasts. Still, I have learned to look on each new attack as a legal notice from the "Supreme Court," that soon "the earthly house of this tabernacle is to be dissolved."

Now, the letter, and you, for whom I write, I command in prayer to a

Covenant-keeping God. May you be kept by His power, through

faith, unto salvation!" Amen.

R. E. MELVIN.

P. S.—The subject of my next

will be Whom to Fear. M.

Are We Obeying Christ?

Some men give as a reason for not giving to the cause of Christ, that they are in debt and cannot give.

They have bought a piece of land,

it may be; they have built a house

for the wife and children, on credit;

they have run up an account at the store; and it will take all their means to meet these liabilities, and, therefore, they have nothing to give to the cause of Christ, but the suffering which it lasts. Still, I have learned to look on each new attack as a legal notice from the "Supreme Court," that soon "the earthly house of this tabernacle is to be dissolved."

Now, the letter, and you, for whom I write, I command in prayer to a

Covenant-keeping God. May you be kept by His power, through

faith, unto salvation!" Amen.

R. E. MELVIN.

P. S.—The subject of my next

will be Whom to Fear. M.

Contracting our Lives with the

lives required of us should provoke

humility. What Holiness is required:

"Be ye holy as God is holy."

What righteousness? Luke 1:15:

"Serve God in holiness and righteousness."

1 Peter 3:22: "What manner of person ought ye to be in all holiness conversation and holiness."

Let us contrast our lives with this

standard, and see how far below it we fall.

F. COURTRIGHT.

Preacher's Bighead.

This article is suggested by the

"Letter from a Dark Corner," lately

published in the *Review*. I am

glad to hear from Bro. Asper. Let

him write again.

The infirmity with which he

thinks his young pastor suffers

is not confined to College preachers.

Many uneducated ministers suffer in the same way. "Bighead" is

THE BAPTIST RECORD.

CLINTON, MISS.
THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1879.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

The price and terms for all advertisements hereafter inserted in *The Record* will be arranged by special contract. Address all letters on this subject to "Baron," Post Office, Clinton, Miss.

The Record has a large and increasing circulation throughout the State of Mississippi and Louisiana, and is one of the best advertising mediums in the South.

Mariage and death notices are limited to one hundred words; for all over this number, two cents for every additional word will be charged, *whilst same size advertisement*.

Yellow Fever and the Gulf Coast Churches.

The last death from yellow fever at the coast was at Hindsboro, Dec. 23, 1878, and the last case was at the same place after Jan. 10, 1879. Our mission stations lost only three members by it this time—Mrs. White, at Bay St. Louis, Mrs. Rutland, at Hindsboro, and Mrs. Billie, at Scranton.

Only about a dozen other cases of the fever occurred among our members, but many more of their families had it. There died of it at Scranton about twenty, at Ocean Springs about thirty, at Biloxi about seventy, at Hindsboro about twenty, at Bay St. Louis, about one hundred.

Quite a number of families at every place left their homes, and business was generally suspended for about three months. I had already gone to Biloxi Springs, Ala., before the fever came, for rest and recreation. I returned on the 1st of October, but was stopped by the quarantine at Grand Bay, about twenty miles west of Mobile, where, and in the vicinity, I labored for over a month. At that place I organized a church of ten members. There was no yellow fever in that region and the people turned out eagerly to hear preaching, which the Lord prospered in a peculiar manner.

On my return into my old field, I found time to visit a few cases of yellow fever at various places, but from the advice of brethren and from my own judgment I avoided them. I should take the fever myself or convey it to either family with whom I was lodging.

For awhile there was a little complaint against me for this, but it soon passed away, and my course has been generally approved. After the ravages of the fatal pestilence, following the business depression caused in the lumber-seas by the government, the financial ability of these churches has been so reduced that they will not, for the next year at least, be able to support a pastor of their own. But, if the epidemic should not return, and if we have a good year for business, I do hope they will be able, four of them at least, to support their own pastor or supply, once a month each, during the next year. Our Gulf coast Association meets at Hindsboro on Friday before the fourth Sabbath in May, 1879. J. B. HAMMELIN.

Louisville, Feb. 10, 1879.
Bro. Gamble.—I regret that I have furnished you so few notes from Louisville, for I know this is one way in which I could show my appreciation for our paper. The "Joh" is fast wasting away. It has been a solemn day to the Seminary. The scenery seems to body forth our sadness. The snow clouds cast a sombre shade over the city; the deep snow muffles the noisy wheels which continually rattle over the stony street; lectures are suspended and footsteps fall lightly on the stairs, so that the Elliott House reminds one of a "banquet hall deserted."

Why this quiet? Why this sadness? The Lord's voice was among us, saying to brother McCants, "Come home." Last night about 2 o'clock the summons came. He had been confined to his bed two or three months. We all loved him so dearly. He was such an humble, trusting, devout Christian. His influence over us has been for our good. He bore his afflictions with such lovely resignation. He was so modest, pure-hearted and hopeful. He always stood among the first in all of his classes. His motto seems to have been, "Work"; and his heart was filled with his Master's work, especially the Sunday-school work.

Huntington's Southern Pacific railroad is being constructed toward Texas from Yuma at the rate of two miles a day. Fifteen hundred hands are at work on it.

When the New York *Tribune* man fired off the cipher canon, he took dead aim at the Radical leader—*Tidbury Herald*.

Gatianus 6:16.

An EXEGE.

I am glad that Deacon, Jr., felt moved to criticize my short sermon from the above text.

The closer and more critical examination of the verse in question which his reply has occasioned, serves but to confirm in the opinion already advanced regarding its primary teaching. Taking down my dust-covered Greek Testament, I find that the words translated "let us do good" are in the original "ergon eis ethika apothanomai." Now, if I mistake not, this verb "apothanomai" in connection with "to do good" is never used in the New Testament to convey the idea of charity, (as that word is commonly used), or kindness shown to others because of poverty or other causes of distress, but always at Olsenhansen says in commenting upon this very passage, "It finalizes, in the nature of the case, that to agathia in connection with ergon eis ethika apothanomai." But in further support of my interpretation of this exhortation of the Apostle I find the Greek lexicon gives as the chief meaning of the word here rendered "do" "to trade" or "to hope" "to do business," exactly as I had understood it, without the careful study of the original I have since been led to make. Again, I would remind "Deacon, Jr." that this is the same word that we find translated "trade" in Matt. 25:16 "then he that had five talents went and traded with the same;" and also in Rev. 18:17, "And as many as trade by the sea stood afar off."

But since it is the limitation in our trading, or rather the preference of our Christian brethren therein that I claim this text enjoins, to which "Deacon, Jr." objects, I will refer him once more to Olsenhansen. He says, "Since man, in the limitation of his condition, finds it necessary to restrict himself in the actual exercise of love, because he has not means to help all, Paul points especially to them that are of the household of faith."

But why need we quote Greek to establish this point? My friends would easily grant that if I have a brother "according to the flesh" who

article from Bro. H. F. S., in the *Record*, on the subject of faith. The article is somewhat lengthy, but the further it goes, the better it is! While reading it, I was reminded of a day in the history of Bro. S. and myself, when he passed from under my hands (being pastor of his church) into the full work of the gospel ministry. I have great reason to feel that the work of that day was not in vain.

In the article referred to, Bro. S. has discussed, with marked ability, a subject of deep and vital importance, both to believers and non-believers. This is a subject that should ever be kept prominently before the minds of all classes, of those we instruct. Faith is the very pivot, on which turns the destiny of worlds with man. "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned." The Apostle says, "The life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave himself for me."

There are some things which enter into and constitute an important part of faith, which may, and often do, exist where there is no living faith. A man may believe in the existence of the one true and living God, and this belief is an essential element of justifying faith, for the Apostle says, "He that cometh to God must believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him." But faith that truly loves them, will not seek to help them by all means in power, and to help our brethren who are unlearned, artless mechanics, or in any way dependent upon the patronage of their fellows for their daily bread, what so effectual as our preference of them in our commercial transactions? But if Deacon, Jr., wants higher authority than sanctified common sense he certainly finds it in what we have shown above in the most exact rendering of the original of Galatians 6:10.

BUSINESS AND SECULAR.

We specially request every pastor in Mississippi and Louisiana to tell his people about the reduction in the price of the *Record*, and ask them to subscribe.

The business cards of G. W. Didlake & Co., and J. R. D. Bringers, Crystal Springs, appear in this week's *Record*. We know these parties to be worthy of patronage and they make bold to challenge competition.

GENERAL NEWS.

Yellow fever prevails at Rio Jaria.

The production of oranges is increasing very rapidly in Florida.

The ice harvest this winter is the largest and best for many years.

The Czar's physician says that the plague in the empire is nearly extinct.

The Virginia Senate has passed the bill for the settlement of the State debt.

The city debt of Mobile amounts to \$100,000 to every man, woman and child in the city.

Several State papers are coming out in favor of Hon. Jefferson Davis to succeed Bruce in the United States Senate.

Zach Chandler has been nominated by the Michigan Radicals to succeed Senator Christianity, appointed Minister to Peru.

When the New York *Tribune* man

fired off the cipher canon, he took dead aim at the Radical leader—*Tidbury Herald*.

Gatianus 6:16.

An EXEGE.

I am glad that Deacon, Jr., felt moved to criticize my short sermon from the above text.

The closer and more critical examination of the verse in question which his reply has occasioned, serves but to confirm in the opinion already advanced regarding its primary teaching. Taking down my dust-covered Greek Testament,

I find that the words translated "let us do good" are in the original "ergon eis ethika apothanomai."

Now, if I mistake not, this verb "apothanomai" in connection with "to do good" is never used in the New Testament to convey the idea of charity, (as that word is commonly used), or kindness shown to others because of poverty or other causes of distress, but always at Olsenhansen says in commenting upon this very passage, "It finalizes, in the nature of the case, that to agathia in connection with ergon eis ethika apothanomai." But in further support of my interpretation of this exhortation of the Apostle I find the Greek lexicon gives as the chief meaning of the word here rendered "do" "to trade" or "to hope" "to do business," exactly as I had understood it, without the careful study of the original I have since been led to make. Again, I would remind "Deacon, Jr." that this is the same word that we find translated "trade" in Matt. 25:16 "then he that had five talents went and traded with the same;" and also in Rev. 18:17, "And as many as trade by the sea stood afar off."

But since it is the limitation in our trading, or rather the preference of our Christian brethren therein that I claim this text enjoins, to which "Deacon, Jr." objects, I will refer him once more to Olsenhansen. He says, "Since man, in the limitation of his condition, finds it necessary to restrict himself in the actual exercise of love, because he has not means to help all, Paul points especially to them that are of the household of faith."

But why need we quote Greek to establish this point? My friends would easily grant that if I have a brother "according to the flesh" who

says the Washington Post, in Virginia. The bill was brought before the Senate the other day, and numerous amendments tacked on to it, vir-

tually annulling the law and going back to the old license system.

Congress has appointed a committee of five to inspect the Mississippi levees from Alton, Ill., down to the Gulf of Mexico, and report back the most efficient levee system that they could settle upon after a careful and diligent investigation. There has been \$250,000 appropriated to defray the necessary expenses of the committee.

Discovering caves is now fashionable. The wonders of the Luray cave in Virginia had not been half unfolded, before a California man pushed to the front and center with the announcement that he had discovered a cave in Tulane county, which has no limit, and surpasses in beauty anything of similar formation. —N. O. Times.

Gov. Marks has only one leg, and is lame. He is the son of a Col. James Boll, in Warren county, on Sunday morning, Jan. 26, 1876, after an illness of sixteen days, Mrs. Nancy STEPHENS.

The subject of these lies was born in North Carolina in the year 1800. At the age of fifteen she united with the Presbyterian church, in which connection she remained until the thirty-second year of her life, when she changed her church and became a member of the Baptist church. In this church, to the day of death, she proved a faithful member. She was married to Levi Stephens in 1824, and with him moved to Mississippi in 1829.

From childhood, the deceased was physically weak. In old age, by the cultivation of Christian graces, she was spiritually strong. As she was naturally kind and tender-hearted, her sympathies were easily excited in behalf of the suffering or distressed. In the exercise of a strong and living faith in her Savior, she daily lived and labored for His cause.

When the weight of years and the hand of affliction had weakened the physical strength, she often expressed a desire to depart and be with Christ. Finally, her appointed time came, and with the sweet peacefulness of the Christian religion, she peacefully passed into the realms of light and immortality.

Aunt Nancy, as she was familiarly known, died faithfully for sight, and no longer looks through the glass darkly; but, face to face with the Savior, she sees the glories and rewards of the bright mansions above. Happy thought! Grieve not, beloved daughters, on account of your dear departed mother, for she sweetly rests in the paradise of God, free from all sorrow and pain. Only live to meet her in the "Sweet By-and-By."

The church (Antioch), a host of friends and many relatives, now mourn her loss.

The writer, once her pastor, will miss the feeble form and cheerful face when he visits the old home again. Farewell till we meet again in that hall of perfect bliss.

OBITUARY.

On the morning of Feb. 14, 1879, a mother in Israel, sister Mary ROGERS, breathed her last in the triumphs of the Christian faith. Her life was an epistle known and read of all those who knew her. She was a good neighbor, an affectionate mother, and a devoted wife. Her afflictions were borne without murmuring.

This noble woman was born July 19, 1807, in Edgefield, S. C., married in 1824, in Catawba county, Ala., moved to Mississippi in 1838, joined the Pleasant Ridge Baptist church, in Holmes county, Miss., in 1853, and died at her post.

T. J. BAILEY.

Died, at the residence of her son-in-law, James Boll, in Warren county, on Sunday morning, Jan. 26, 1876, after an illness of sixteen days, Mrs. Nancy STEPHENS.

The subject of these lies was born in North Carolina in the year 1800. At the age of fifteen she united with the Presbyterian church, in which connection she remained until the thirty-second year of her life, when she changed her church and became a member of the Baptist church. In this church, to the day of death, she proved a faithful member. She was married to Levi Stephens in 1824, and with him moved to Mississippi in 1829.

From childhood, the deceased was physically weak. In old age, by the cultivation of Christian graces, she was spiritually strong. As she was naturally kind and tender-hearted, her sympathies were easily excited in behalf of the suffering or distressed. In the exercise of a strong and living faith in her Savior, she daily lived and labored for His cause.

When the weight of years and the hand of affliction had weakened the physical strength, she often expressed a desire to depart and be with Christ. Finally, her appointed time came, and with the sweet peacefulness of the Christian religion, she peacefully passed into the realms of light and immortality.

Aunt Nancy, as she was familiarly known, died faithfully for sight, and no longer looks through the glass darkly; but, face to face with the Savior, she sees the glories and rewards of the bright mansions above. Happy thought!

Grieve not, beloved daughters, on account of your dear departed mother, for she sweetly rests in the "Sweet By-and-By."

The church (Antioch), a host of friends and many relatives, now mourn her loss.

The writer, once her pastor, will miss the feeble form and cheerful face when he visits the old home again. Farewell till we meet again in that hall of perfect bliss.

A. J. M.

G. W. DIDLAKE,
W. C. COBLEY, J. H. DIDLAKE,
CONTRACTORS AND BUILDERS,
CRASTAL SPRINGS, MISS.

We solicit correspondence from all persons having work in our line. If we do not make it to your interest to patronize us we will give place to some other party.

IT WILL PAY YOU
To buy your Shoes of
J. R. D. BRIGERS,
CRYSTAL SPRINGS, MISS.

TRY them once and be convinced. Send \$7.00 and get the Canfield Shoe.

CAYDEN & BROS.,
DEALERS IN—
General Merchandise,
BRANDON, MISS.

When you come to Brandon, give us a chance—JUST TRY US.

H. S. COLE, PATERSON HENRY,
COLE & HENRY,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
READY AT ALL HOURS

TO Accommodate Patrons.

JAN 21-22-23

A. J. PURSER
Victorious! triumphant!

AT THE
COTTON EXPOSITION, EXPONENTIAL UNIVERSE,
PHILA., 1876. PARIS, 1878.

"The Steff" unrivaled Grand, Upright and Square, and first specimens of Grand and Silver Medals, including the Medal of Merit and Diploma of Honor at the Centennial Exposition in 1876, have achieved at the Exposition Universelle, Paris, 1878, over all American and many foreign competitors.

SECOND HAND PLANOFS of all makes constantly in stock, at from \$75 to \$300.

Also agent for the Southern States of the Burdett, Taylor & Farley, Peabody, Peeler, Peltier, How & Co., and other makers of ORGANS.

ORGAN and Illustrated Catalogues of Pianos and Organs, address CHAS. M. STEIFF, No. 2 N. Liberty Street, Baltimore, Md.

JAN 21-22-23

C. D. COTTON,
Attorney at Law,
EDWARDS, MISS.

PRACTICE in the Courts of Hinds and Warren counties and Supreme and Federal Courts, Jackson, Miss. JAN 21-22-23

OFFICE in the Griswold Building. Prompt attention given to such business as may be entrusted to his charge.

JAN 21-22-23

W. A. MONTGOMERY,
Attorney at Law,
EDWARDS, MISS.

PRACTICE in the Courts of the Eleventh District and Supreme and Federal Courts, Jackson, Miss. JAN 21-22-23

OFFICE in the Griswold Building. Prompt attention given to such business as may be entrusted to his charge.

JAN 21-22-23

H. M. SULLIVAN, W. V. SULLIVAN,
County Atty and County Atty.

SULLIVAN & SULLIV

FAMILY CIRCLE.

Produced by
MRS. J. B. GAMBRELL.
THE WATER THAT'S PAST.

(Lines of Lawrence Barrett's Songs in
"The Man o' Ailie.")

Listen to the water mill
Through the living day,
How the hours away!
Languid is the autumn wind,
Stings the great hearted tree;
From the leaves the moths sing,
Gilding up the shores.
And a groan's bands my mind
As a sigh is st.

"The mill will never grind
With the water that has passed."

Take the lesson to thyself,
Loving heart and trace,
Golden years are fleeting by,
Youth is passing, too;
Leave the past in rest of life,
Leave no happy day;
Time will never bring the back
Changes swept and sweep;

Leave the world unused;

Leave the world last—
The mill will never grind

With the water that has passed."

Wax while yet the daylight shines,
Man of strength and will;
Never does the world grieve,
Up to the mill;
Wait not till tomorrow's sun
Brings upon the way;
All the world is thine own,
Lies in thy road.

Power, intellect and health,
May not come last;

But the world around
With the water that has passed."

On the west hills of life,
The world drifted by;
On the good we might have done,
Lost without a sigh;
Thoughts conceived but never penned
Perishing unheard.

Take the past, it lies behind,
The mill will never grind
With the water that has passed."

A Word to the Sisters.

I hope the "group" has proved a blessing to the homes in which it is placed. A weekly visitor for the past two years, and now I wish to interest all the lady readers of the Review in the Family Department of the paper. Only a few have written hitherto, yet I believe many kind-hearted sisters would like to help, but have not thought of it as a duty.

There are many ladies (wives and mothers) whose experience is that of untold benefit to the young and inexperienced. Many a weary, distressed mother might be instructed and encouraged by words from the pen of some "mother in Israel." The noblest woman is she who makes a true home—a haven of rest to her husband—and trains her children aright, and from the large number of noble ministers in our State and Louisiana, I know there must be many blessed aged mothers who could write and help their younger matrons, who may bear the "heat and burden of the day." We make no claim to write exclusively—that is not needed. We want some plain, sturdy, common-sense advice on housekeeping; on training children—from mothers who have done both—not from some man or woman who has a theory.

Many times a mother feels her incompetency, and, while she believes that God's grace is sufficient, she longs for the comfort and counsel from some one who has known better. Let it all. We want nicely sentimental stories with a possible moral—we want to help each other. I notice that our brethren, when they have a word to do, consult each other, and if a knotty question puzzles them, quickly resort to the question box. The Editor is willing that we too use the Review to help ourselves in our life-work—house making.

Many of you my sisters, have good recipes, and would be willing to share them with others, but you've never thought of sending them to the Review. Every true-hearted woman desires to make her home beautiful and attractive, yet many of us have no ingenuity, no idea of home decoration, but if some one gifted with taste would give us some hints on adorning and beautifying homes, we should find our fingers not devoid of cunning. I am sending you some who are gifted in replying. Now here is a chance to ask questions and to reply.

Some of you are notable gardeners, some excel in raising poultry; let us have some plain helpful hints from each one, and God knows there is room for many more to accomplish. Only yesterday a dear good woman, the wife of a Baptist preacher, and mother of two preachers, helped me with her warm, sympathetic words, and taught me how to teach girls to sew. I feel strong and better after her visit.

How many homes you can visit, how many hearts you can cheer, how many tired mothers you can help through the Review!

M. T. G.

"Hang It up on the Wall of Your Memory."

For the Review.

One's memory is like an art gallery, containing pictures from one end to the other. Sometimes visit the art gallery of my memory, and gaze upon the pictures hung on its walls. Some of those pictures are beautiful, some are precious, some make me happy, and some make me sad.

There is one picture hung upon the walls of my memory, I have lost of all. Do you ask me what it is? I will tell you. It is the picture of Jesus on the cross.

Let me hold up the picture of Jesus on the cross before you. Look at it! There is Jesus lifted up between the heavens and the earth. His hands are carefully fastened to the rugged cross with nails. His feet, too, are pierced through with nails. And look there at the great gaping wound in his side, from

which issue water and blood. Look, too, at that bruised brow upon which has pressed the crown of thorns. See the hard-hearted Jews standing around the cross mocking Jesus. "There is another I have seen." I go and gaze upon it with mingled tenderness; I clasp my hands together and weep; I kneel down at the foot of the cross and pray; I confess my sins, whatever they be. Do you ask me why I love it so well? I will tell you. Because Jesus endured that suffering on the cross for me, and I have seen that blood, shed over Calvary, has washed me white from sin. Sin made him who was suffering endeared for me, but both for you and for me," and I want you to take the picture of Jesus on the cross, and hang it up on the walls of your memory. Do you ask me how I want to hang it up? I will tell you. I think it is ever placed before you on the cross, your heart will trouble you when you sin against Him. Nay, there will be no rest for you; your soul will soon cry out, "Lord, Jesus, save me." Then, as you behold Jesus groaning and dying, bearing your sin on His own body on the cross, you can but believe in Him, and long time. Nay, I will make haste and exclaim, "Jesus, I give myself to you, for I believe you can save me, I believe you will save me."

Nay, I will close; but whatever you do, don't forget to hang the picture of Jesus on the cross up; yes, right up on the walls of your memory.

RAYMOND MORRISON.

RAYMOND, Miss.

The Seven Wonders of the World.

which issue water and blood. Look, too, at that bruised brow upon which has pressed the crown of thorns. See the hard-hearted Jews standing around the cross mocking Jesus. "There is another I have seen." I go and gaze upon it with mingled tenderness; I clasp my hands together and weep; I kneel down at the foot of the cross and pray; I confess my sins, whatever they be. Do you ask me why I love it so well? I will tell you. Because Jesus endured that suffering on the cross for me, and I have seen that blood, shed over Calvary, has washed me white from sin. Sin made him who was suffering endeared for me, but both for you and for me," and I want you to take the picture of Jesus on the cross, and hang it up on the walls of your memory. Do you ask me how I want to hang it up? I will tell you. I think it is ever placed before you on the cross, your heart will trouble you when you sin against Him. Nay, there will be no rest for you; your soul will soon cry out, "Lord, Jesus, save me." Then, as you behold Jesus groaning and dying, bearing your sin on His own body on the cross, you can but believe in Him, and long time. Nay, I will make haste and exclaim, "Jesus, I give myself to you, for I believe you can save me, I believe you will save me."

Nay, I will close; but whatever you do, don't forget to hang the picture of Jesus on the cross up; yes, right up on the walls of your memory.

RAYMOND MORRISON.

RAYMOND, Miss.

The Seven Wonders of the World.

Johnnie was always running to his mamma with a tale about somebody or something. Many times a day might he be heard in voice whining or crying, "Mama, Mary threw down my blouse!" "Mamma, Charlie pushed me!" "Willie made a face, mamma, and he says he doesn't care, too." "Do come out and make Charlie behave himself, mamma, he's doing something naughty just all the time." When papa came home to tell all sort of news with his day's work, Johnnie brought his slippers, the Willie tag, and the big arm chair to the fire in winter, or to the window in summer; but Johnnie never waited even long enough for papa to get his seat off, and began his complaint, and tales of all the little wrongs that had been done all day. Mary had done this, and Charlie had done that, and Willie had done the other. But you may be sure told no tales of what Johnnie himself had done that was wrong.

Papa used to say pleasantly, "Now, my boy, tell me something good that you have done," but somehow Johnnie was so busy remembering the bad that he had forgotten all the good. Sometimes papa would say, "Charlie pinched you did he?" Well, show me the place, so that I can put a plaster on it," and would proceed to hunt all over the room looking for the spot, which, of course, he never could find. Then he would say, "Johnny it was not you for to forget such trifles, instead of telling them away to think over till they seemed far far worse than before. But it did good; every evening it was the same, till at last his papa said, "My dear, I wish you would have that boy put to bed before I come home; I really cannot stand his tale bearing when I am so tired."

And at Christmas and just before the birthdays, Johnnie was sure to find out everybody's secrets, and just as sure to tell them to everybody else and spoil all the fun. One Christmas he found nothing in his stocking but a large piece of sticking paper with a picture fastened on it, which was written, "To cover Johnnie's mouth and keep him from telling tales!"

One day his mamma called him to her and showed him a picture of a man whispering in another's ear. "I wonder what that one is saying?" I against those who are said to be such small things would lead to the derision of the Child himself for there is nothing too small for his care and protection. The whole universe is a complete system of economy. Nothing is wasted in any part of it.

"What a goose," said Johnnie. "Of course a man will be sure to tell me once he meets." Then he suddenly stopped short, for his mamma had taken her finger off of a line which she had kept covered, and he ran in large letters, "The talk hearer." Then she talked a long time to Johnnie about his fault and begged him to pray for help to overcome it, and she prayed with him herself. Then she gave him this verse to learn from Proverbs 24:19—"He that goeth about as a talk-hearer, reveleth secrets; these meddle not with him that dattereth with his lips."

Johnnie's best parlor among other marvels, was an apple in a phial. He quite filled up the body of that bottle which was raised in the air, and he could not stop it, and now he was very much surprised.

Johnnie's Words of Babylon and the Hanging Gardens are justly placed among the seven wonders of the world. The former were built by Semiramis, the beautiful Assyrian queen, the latter by Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon. The Walls of Babylon were sixty miles in circumference, and fifty feet wide. Six chariots could be driven abreast on the city of Olympia.

4th. The Hanging Gardens, the shadow of the celestial sky, was carved with the greatest art by Phidias, on of Greece. This statue was of prodigious size, and was placed in the temple of the city of Olympia.

5th. The Hanging Gardens, the shadow of the celestial sky, was carved with the greatest art by Phidias, on of Greece. This statue was of prodigious size, and was placed in the temple of the city of Olympia.

6th. The Hanging Gardens, the shadow of the celestial sky, was carved with the greatest art by Phidias, on of Greece. This statue was of prodigious size, and was placed in the temple of the city of Olympia.

7th. Last, but I think by no means the least interesting of the seven wonders, is the Palace of Cyrus, king of the Medes, built by the skilled architect, Memnon. History relates that the blocks of stone of which the palace was built, were cemented together so that the whole would unbreakable, and a joint in the wall could not be found.

According to another classification, the Pharos, or light-house of Alexandria, is placed among the seven wonders, which would make the Palace of Cyrus the eighth wonder of the world.

Ladies are said to be adepts in asking questions, and I've seen some who were gifted in replying. Now here is a chance to ask questions and to reply.

Each of you are notable gardeners, some excel in raising poultry; let us have some plain helpful hints from each one, and God knows there is room for many more to accomplish. Only yesterday a dear good woman, the wife of a Baptist preacher, helped me with her warm, sympathetic words, and taught me how to teach girls to sew. I feel strong and better after her visit.

How many homes you can visit, how many hearts you can cheer, how many tired mothers you can help through the Review!

M. T. G.

"Hang It up on the Wall of Your Memory."

For the Review.

One's memory is like an art gallery, containing pictures from one end to the other. Sometimes visit the art gallery of my memory, and gaze upon the pictures hung on its walls. Some of those pictures are beautiful, some are precious, some make me happy, and some make me sad.

There is one picture hung upon the walls of my memory, I have lost of all. Do you ask me what it is? I will tell you. It is the picture of Jesus on the cross.

Let me hold up the picture of Jesus on the cross before you. Look at it! There is Jesus lifted up between the heavens and the earth. His hands are carefully fastened to the rugged cross with nails. His feet, too, are pierced through with nails. And look there at the great gaping wound in his side, from

which issue water and blood. Look, too, at that bruised brow upon which has pressed the crown of thorns. See the hard-hearted Jews standing around the cross mocking Jesus. "There is another I have seen." I go and gaze upon it with mingled tenderness; I clasp my hands together and weep; I kneel down at the foot of the cross and pray; I confess my sins, whatever they be. Do you ask me why I love it so well? I will tell you. Because Jesus endured that suffering on the cross for me, and I have seen that blood, shed over Calvary, has washed me white from sin. Sin made him who was suffering endeared for me, but both for you and for me," and I want you to take the picture of Jesus on the cross, and hang it up on the walls of your memory. Do you ask me how I want to hang it up? I will tell you. I think it is ever placed before you on the cross, your heart will trouble you when you sin against Him. Nay, there will be no rest for you; your soul will soon cry out, "Lord, Jesus, save me." Then, as you behold Jesus groaning and dying, bearing your sin on His own body on the cross, you can but believe in Him, and long time. Nay, I will make haste and exclaim, "Jesus, I give myself to you, for I believe you can save me, I believe you will save me."

Nay, I will close; but whatever you do, don't forget to hang the picture of Jesus on the cross up; yes, right up on the walls of your memory.

RAYMOND MORRISON.

RAYMOND, Miss.

The Seven Wonders of the World.

Johnnie was always running to his mamma with a tale about somebody or something. Many times a day might he be heard in voice whining or crying, "Mama, Mary threw down my blouse!" "Mamma, Charlie pushed me!" "Willie made a face, mamma, and he says he doesn't care, too." "Do come out and make Charlie behave himself, mamma, he's doing something naughty just all the time."

When papa came home to tell all sort of news with his day's work, Johnnie brought his slippers, the Willie tag, and the big arm chair to the fire in winter, or to the window in summer; but Johnnie never waited even long enough for papa to get his seat off, and began his complaint, and tales of all the little wrongs that had been done all day. Mary had done this, and Charlie had done that, and Willie had done the other. But you may be sure told no tales of what Johnnie himself had done that was wrong.

Papa used to say pleasantly, "Now, my boy, tell me something good that you have done," but somehow Johnnie was so busy remembering the bad that he had forgotten all the good. Sometimes papa would say, "Charlie pinched you did he?" Well, show me the place, so that I can put a plaster on it," and would proceed to hunt all over the room looking for the spot, which, of course, he never could find. Then he would say, "Johnny it was not you for to forget such trifles, instead of telling them away to think over till they seemed far far worse than before. But it did good; every evening it was the same, till at last his papa said, "My dear, I wish you would have that boy put to bed before I come home; I really cannot stand his tale bearing when I am so tired."

And at Christmas and just before the birthdays, Johnnie was sure to find out everybody's secrets, and just as sure to tell them to everybody else and spoil all the fun. One Christmas he found nothing in his stocking but a large piece of sticking paper with a picture fastened on it, which was written, "To cover Johnnie's mouth and keep him from telling tales!"

One day his mamma called him to her and showed him a picture of a man whispering in another's ear. "I wonder what that one is saying?" I against those who are said to be such small things would lead to the derision of the Child himself for there is nothing too small for his care and protection. The whole universe is a complete system of economy. Nothing is wasted in any part of it.

"What a goose," said Johnnie. "Of course a man will be sure to tell me once he meets." Then he suddenly stopped short, for his mamma had taken her finger off of a line which she had kept covered, and he ran in large letters, "The talk hearer." Then she talked a long time to Johnnie about his fault and begged him to pray for help to overcome it, and she prayed with him herself. Then she gave him this verse to learn from Proverbs 24:19—"He that goeth about as a talk-hearer, reveleth secrets; these meddle not with him that dattereth with his lips."

Johnnie's best parlor among other marvels, was an apple in a phial. He quite filled up the body of that bottle which was raised in the air, and he could not stop it, and now he was very much surprised.

Johnnie's Words of Babylon and the Hanging Gardens are justly placed among the seven wonders of the world. The former were built by Semiramis, the beautiful Assyrian queen, the latter by Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon. The Walls of Babylon were sixty miles in circumference, and fifty feet wide. Six chariots could be driven abreast on the city of Olympia.

6th. The Hanging Gardens, the shadow of the celestial sky, was carved with the greatest art by Phidias, on of Greece. This statue was of prodigious size, and was placed in the temple of the city of Olympia.

7th. Last, but I think by no means the least interesting of the seven wonders, is the Palace of Cyrus, king of the Medes, built by the skilled architect, Memnon. History relates that the blocks of stone of which the palace was built, were cemented together so that the whole would unbreakable, and a joint in the wall could not be found.

According to another classification, the Pharos, or light-house of Alexandria, is placed among the seven wonders, which would make the Palace of Cyrus the eighth wonder of the world.

Ladies are said to be adepts in asking questions, and I've seen some who were gifted in replying. Now here is a chance to ask questions and to reply.

Each of you are notable gardeners, some excel in raising poultry; let us have some plain helpful hints from each one, and God knows there is room for many more to accomplish. Only yesterday a dear good woman, the wife of a Baptist preacher, helped me with her warm, sympathetic words, and taught me how to teach girls to sew. I feel strong and better after her visit.

How many homes you can visit, how many hearts you can cheer, how many tired mothers you can help through the Review!

M. T. G.

"Hang It up on the Wall of Your Memory."

For the Review.

One's memory is like an art gallery, containing pictures from one end to the other. Sometimes visit the art gallery of my memory, and gaze upon the pictures hung on its walls. Some of those pictures are beautiful, some are precious, some make me happy, and some make me sad.

There is one picture hung upon the walls of my memory, I have lost of all. Do you ask me what it is? I will tell you. It is the picture of Jesus on the cross.

Let me hold up the picture of Jesus on the cross before you. Look at it! There is Jesus lifted up between the heavens and the earth. His hands are carefully fastened to the rugged cross with nails. His feet, too, are pierced through with nails. And look there at the great gaping wound in his side, from